

The Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY CHARLES M. FISHER.

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TERMS:
THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The celebrated orator, General W. T. Haskell, and his three sons, Shepherd, William and Joshua, are buried side by side in the graveyard at Jackson, Tennessee.

The Knoxville hog market ranges from 6 1/2 to 7 cents, according to weight. The total receipts up to last Thursday were about 4,000, most of which had been slaughtered.

The electors in Georgia did not meet on the first Wednesday in this month to cast the vote of that State for President and Vice President. Thus, though Georgia gave forty-five thousand majority for Seymour and Blair, the vote of the State is probably lost.

A great portion of Hawkins county, in this State, is nothing but a bed of the finest variegated marble in the world. Three beautiful blocks of this marble were sent to Washington last week, to be used in the great National Monument.

The Oregon Legislature has instructed the Senators from that State to resign because they voted for measures to destroy liberty in the Southern States. Of course they will obey—in a horn.

The official returns of the State of Tennessee show that the Democratic vote has been increased 4,734 since the Governor's election, while the Radical vote has fallen off 19,416. The Radical majority in 1867 was 51,936; it is now 28,146.

J. K. Berry, the Secretary and chief manager of the Southern Fire Insurance Company, of Nashville, has forfeited his bond of \$1,000 and make for unknown parts. It has not transpired how much of a pile he took with him.

The Supreme Bench is filled at last. Henry G. Smith, of Memphis, an old and experienced lawyer, represents the Western Division. J. O. Shackelford of Nashville represents the Middle Division. He has already been upon the Supreme Bench, and has presided in the Chancery Courts of Montgomery and Davidson counties. George Andrews, appointed from East Tennessee, is a Knoxville lawyer but has only resided in the State since the war.

The city of Alamos, in the southern part of Sonora, Mexico, has been swept out of existence. The terrible calamity occurred during the great sea storm lasting from the 15th to the 18th of last month. Only the houses built on the highest elevations in the city escaped. A large number of lives were lost and the most substantial buildings were swept away like straws.

A letter in the New York Herald says that the ruined city of Alamos was the Athens of Northwestern Mexico, or, at least, had that reputation. Its women were reputed to be the loveliest and most intelligent throughout the republic, and its citizens were highly spoken of and contrasted with those of other populations. There was a great deal of wealth, refinement and luxury among the better classes. It was a sort of sanctified Jerusalem, where the proud Spanish blood and brain held ascendancy and would not be poisoned by contact with Indian and negro mixtures. Alamos, as a city, had fame before the great metropolis of New York was known. It is old among the many old towns of Mexico. Surrounding it have been some of the richest mines in the world and from which the city had its chief support. At the time of its destruction it contained a population of about 7,000 souls, though geographical dictionaries place the number at 10,000, which is at least 3,000 too many. Unhappily for its people, the number is lessened through a terrible misfortune, and the "City of Poplar Groves" has fallen to the dust, (even as man falls), in its strength.

Where the Laugh Comes In.

"Is my shirt clean?" asked one Bohemian of another. "Well, yes," was the answer, "it's clean for brown, but it's most thundering dirty for white."

The editor of a French paper, in speaking of a cemetery near Lyons, says that "M. Gascoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat."

A little fellow was eating some bread and milk, when he turned round to his mother, and said, "Oh mother, I'm full of glory! There was a smooch on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

Edmund Burke the Irish orator was telling Garrick one day at Hampton, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," said Garrick, "what do you think, Mr. Burke, of bitter cold weather?"

A convict wrote a letter to his brother, a serious letter, without an attempt at a joke, which, however, concluded thus: "I must leave off now; my feet are so cold I cannot hold my pen."

At a colored party in New York, Sambo asked Dinah if he might help her to some of the breast. "Now, aunt you shamed, Sambo, to say breast before do ladies? I'll take a piece of do turkey bosom."

As a fop was riding a fine horse in the park, a young lady was evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and impudently asked, "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the ready reply. "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey."

A boy having been told that a reptile is "an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

"Where was I, ma?" said an urchin to his mother, as he stood gazing at his drunken and prostrate father. "Where was I when you married pa? Why didn't you take me along? I could have picked out a better man than him!"

An English letter writer says of a boarding school festival: "On one side of the hall was one happy gentleman in a cluster of twenty-five young ladies, like a black beetle in a bouquet."

A subscription paper for some religious object was handed to a zealous church member, when he remarked, "Well, I can give five dollars and not feel it." "Then," said the solicitor, "give ten and feel it."

A simple epitaph in St. Paneras churchyard is touchingly commemorative of the gluttony of a husband and the grief of his widow:

"Fliza sorrowing rears this marble slab,
To her dear John, who died of eating crab."

A countryman went into a drug store a few days since, and asked to be served with two pounds of opium. So large a quantity excited the suspicion of the druggist, and he inquired what it was to be used for. The verdant replied, to stop cracks in his cart wheels. He was advised to get some oakum.

There is a good story of a Frenchman who was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it. He left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, and they had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

A well-known lawyer in Boston had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So he advertised him—"to be sold, for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

A gentleman who owns a country seat nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them, an old bachelor, wrote, "I always told you that river was too shallow."

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said, "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He flung his book, and instantly every female head ducked.

Dr. Barton, being in company with Dr. Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios on the antiquities of Worcestershire, remarked that the publication was deficient in several respects, adding, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am," replied Nash. "Then," said Barton, "I advise you to send your work to the house of correction."

A certain registrar in a certain town is unfortunately very deaf. One day lately a woman went to register the birth of her child, and had to answer the usual questions. To the one—"Were you present at the birth?" The astonished woman answered, "I'm the mother of the child." "But that is not an answer to my question," replied the registrar; "were you present at the birth?" "Yes, of course," she said, "I was there."

Grant Makes a Speech.

New York, Dec. 8.—General Grant was entertained by the Union League Club to-night by a grand dinner and reception, at which Admiral Farragut was also an honored guest. In reply to a toast "To our guest, the General of the Army and the President elect," the General, who was received with loud and long continued applause, responded:

Gentlemen of the Union League: It is with entire regret that I feel myself unable to respond in appropriate language to the warmth of feeling with which these toasts have been received. You all know how unaccustomed I am to public speaking. How undesirable a talent I think it is to possess; how little good it generally does; and how desirous I am to see more of our public men follow the good example which I believe in this particular, if in no other, I have set them. [Tremendous applause.]

I must, however, express my acknowledgments to the Union League of this city, as well as to the Union Leagues of other cities, for great benefits they conferred on the Government during the rebellion through which we passed. I wish to acknowledge their liberality toward myself and soldiers serving against the rebellion, and thank them for it.

Grant's speech was followed by uproarious applause, which continued for some minutes.

To Drive Away Roaches.

If you read this and don't remember it we hope the roaches will overrun you the very first chance they get: "Hundreds, nay thousands of our citizens are greatly annoyed by roaches and cockroaches, particularly those whose houses are located on clay or sandy soil. All manner of drugs and compounds have been resorted to, and ingenious contrivances have been used with but very little effect. The bugs will leave for a time and then return to annoy the housekeeper as well as the cook. A friend, who has been terribly annoyed by them, and who now rejoices in occupying a house from which he drove them, gives us the following recipe: 'Take powdered borax, scatter it in your kitchen along the wash-board, and pour it into the cracks and around the water works and heaters. If they frequent your parlors or bed rooms, scatter it along the wash-boards into the cracks. Do this three or four times and you will drive them out of your house.'"

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Lynch Law.

A Man Hanged by a Mob.

Late Denver papers contain lengthy accounts of the execution, by a mob in that city, of a man named L. H. Musgrove, who was understood to have been a native of Como, Mississippi, below Memphis. The papers give the following relative to his life:

L. H. Musgrove was a native of Como depot, Mississippi, and was about forty years of age. When the war broke out, he espoused the cause of the South, but did not fight for it—going to California, where he got into a dispute with a man at a race, on account of the war, and attacked him with a knife, killing him, or nearly so. He afterward killed two men there, and fled to Nevada, where he carried himself in the same manner, being at the head of a band of desperadoes, until he was driven out. He then went to Salt Lake, and from there to Colorado, arriving here in 1866, or about that time. He first lived in a cabin at Baker's bridge, on Clear Creek, and soon went up North, trading whisky to the Indians. At Old Fort Halleck he killed a half-breed Indian and was put in the guard house, from whence he was sent to Denver in irons. He had an examination before Commissioner Wilcox, but was discharged on the plea of no jurisdiction. He went among the Indians again, and killed another half-breed, and the Sioux drove him out. That same year he stole seventeen head of mules from General Palmer, and came to Denver with them, but he escaped from the officers of justice. He next stole eleven government mules from a Lieutenant, who gave chase and pressed him hard. Musgrove played stratagem upon him by hiding eight of them, and then returned with the other three. Meeting the Lieutenant he informed him that he had found those three, and the Lieutenant took them—letting Musgrove go, who then brought the remaining ones to Denver, where they were sold. Last spring he was at the head of the gang which stole fourteen from Lieutenant Abell at Cedar Point. A party of officers from Denver followed them and ran them into their den somewhere on the Cache a la Poudre, where Musgrove defied them. He finally consented to hold a parley with officer Haskell, who had a long talk with them. Musgrove had eight men with him, all armed with guns, and was too strong to be attacked. He also made another raid on Fox's stock at Cedar Point, running off twenty-five head, but lost them again. His smaller deeds of wickedness have been innumerable. He has been at the head of a gang of outlaws and desperadoes of the worst character ever since he has been known in this section, and has also the credit of having been at the head of a band of Indians, who have infested various sections of the West, and who have committed various deeds of wickedness.

About two o'clock in the afternoon a mob of two hundred men wrested Musgrove from the authorities, and unanimously voted to hang him. Musgrove having received an intimation of what was going on, had prepared a stout club. With one foot on the railing, with twenty or thirty men hemming him in, with a much larger crowd below in the bed of the creek, and a couple of hundred or more lining the banks on either side, he penciled the following letter, directing it to "W. C. Musgrove, Como Depot, Mississippi."

DENVER, November 23, 1868.—"My Dear Brother: I am to be hung to day on false charges by a mob my children is in Napa valley Cal—I will you go & get them & take care of them—for me god knows that I am innocent pray for me—but I was here when the mob took me Brother good by forever—take care of my poor little children I remain your unfortunate Brother good bye "L. H. Musgrove."

This, scrawled on a piece of paper, was addressed "Mrs. H. E. Musgrove, Cheyenne, W. T."

DENVER, C. T.—My Dear Wife: Before this reaches you I will be no more. Mary I am as you know innocent of the charges against me. I do not know what they are going to hang me for unless it is because I am acquainted with Ed. Franklin—god will protect I hope good bye for ever as ever yours sell what I have and keep it. "L. H. Musgrove."

When he commenced to write he was a little hurried, but when he ceased he was as calm and collected as though having

written cheerfully to his relatives, instead of announcing his speedy death. He looked around upon his captors with a clear eye and steady mien, though with a look indicative of the hate he bore for those upon whom he had long warred. A wagon was standing upon the bridge, to which he was conducted and into which he leaped by piling his hands upon the box. His feet had been tied while he was writing his letter, and he was soon swung into eternity.

A Richmond Romance.

A Maiden in Male Attire.

All for Love.

Commission houses and their counting rooms have little of romance about them, and consequently they are the last places where the world looks for the romantic. But very recent developments in a Richmond establishment have very beautifully illustrated that line of Walter Scott's, that

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove," and sheds its influence untrammelled as the sunshine, investing with its warmth and brightness the darkest and most uninviting places.

Two months or more ago, a vacant clerkship in the house referred to was applied for and filled by a youth apparently about sixteen years of age. He applied in response to an advertisement of the firm—"Wanted, a youth who can write a good hand and come well recommended."

Out of sixty odd applicants our hero (or heroine) took the palm for the neatness, legibility, and regularity of his chirography; was sent for, presented himself, and was installed in the position of entry clerk.

He displayed remarkable aptitude for business; was quick and accurate at figures; ever ready to run on an errand, or lend a hand at anything that was to be done. In manners he was polite; blushed when looked at or spoken to; wept when chided by his employers, or chaffed by his fellow-clerks because of his peachy cheeks, feminine figure and general girlishness of appearance. Thus wore on.

The busy season came, and brought with it a gentleman from beyond the Blue Ridge, who had occasional dealings with the house. Desiring to examine the stock the entry clerk was called from his stool and instructed to show the gentleman over the floors. Their eyes met, those of the strange gentleman and the entry clerk—the gentleman stammered "Great God!" and staggered into a seat; the clerk blushed scarlet to the ear-tips, then burst into tears. Then came the *dénoûment*. The gentleman explained that he recognized in the clerk the lost daughter of a citizen of his country; that she ran away in August last, and had since been mourned by her parents and friends as dead, as they could gain no tidings of her whereabouts or fate, though all the considerable towns of the State, including Richmond, had been searched by the father in person, aided by the police.

The daughter in clerical disguise then explained, as best she could between sobs, and it was "the old story told again." She had loved and seen her love thwarted by parental opposition, the most relentless and unfeeling. Her lover, youthful as she, being also opposed by his parents, left his home soon after, and came to Richmond, where he was not long in obtaining employment. A secret correspondence was opened between the two, aided by other parties. This lasted for some time, and strengthened the cords of affection, drawing the twin nearer each other, though separated by the misty mountains and many miles of cruel space. At last, in one of those fatal moments of a girl's weakness, she resolved to give up all for love—home, and heaven, too, if need be—and left the house one evil night, when the family were absent, equipped in her brother's Sunday suit, determined to regain her lover in Richmond. This she did; and though he, timid boy, was at first frightened at the steps his sweetheart had taken, she, by artful stories of her treatment at home, infused into him a manly spirit, and he, bold boy, resolved to become the protector of innocence, while he buried the secret of her sex in his own bosom. He took her to his boarding house and procured for her a room separate and apart from his own. It was agreed between them she should preserve her *incognito*, and sink her sex and identity in male apparel. Thus, with his as-

istance and in this disguise, she had sought and obtained the position of entry clerk in the establishment, where she was discovered as we have related.

Well, having told her romantic story, the girl, who shall be nameless, gave the address of her lover, a messenger was dispatched for him and he came. He made a clean breast of it, confessing all. They had both been industrious, working hard in their situations, with the one object in view, and that was marriage, as soon as they had accumulated enough money to obtain a bridal wardrobe, rent chambers, and set up housekeeping. The respective parents of the truant lovers were informed by telegraph of the situation of affairs, and they telegraphed back at once, "marry them and send them home."

One day last week witnessed the return and reconciliation beyond the mountains. May the couple who have attained this fruition of earthly bliss through such tribulation have scores of children, and live to celebrate their golden wedding!

"When a stranger treats me with a want of proper respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slight, but my shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it's nothing to me."

FORTIETH CONGRESS.

Sumner's Georgia Bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.

In the Senate Sumner introduced a bill relative to Georgia. Only the title was read.

In the House a bill was introduced submitting the Virginia Constitution to the people of Virginia on the 17th of January. Senate bill relieving Judge Moses of South Carolina passed.

Butler and Washburne opposed the election in Virginia until after March 4th.

The Senate refused, after a few paragraphs, to hear the President's Message read.

Sumner's Georgia bill is as follows:

After promising that the Legislature failed to comply with the requirements of the reconstruction acts by enacting to enact the required oath, and did things utterly unjustifiable and requiring the intervention of Congress, the bill declares the existing government provisionally only, and in all respects subject to the paramount authority of Congress, to abolish, modify or control the same, until the Legislature complies with all the requirements of the reconstruction acts and adopts the Fourteenth Amendment, and subject to the fundamental condition that no change shall be made infringing on the right of suffrage of any class of citizens. The bill directs that the Governor elect shall call the Assembly at Atlanta, on or before the first of April next, extending, unless relieved by Congress, all who cannot take the prescribed oath. The Governor is also empowered to suspend, or relieve from office State or municipal officers and to appoint others instead. Finally, the President is ordered to place at the disposal of the Governor such portion of the army and navy as may be necessary to preserve life, property, peace, and free expression of political opinion.

Contrary to universal custom, the House failed the President's Message, instead of referring it to a Committee of the Whole; and passed the bill directing the Virginia election to be held on the fourth Thursday in May.

Left a Large Property.

"He left a very large property" was the closing sentence of a recent obituary. How many reflections it suggests! What a pity he was obliged to leave it! He had taken great delight in collecting it. It was well and fairly earned. It was all the fruit of his own energy and good judgment, yet he had to leave it and go out of the world as poor as he came in.

He might have taken it with him—rather he might have sent it forward in advance. Every dollar given in humble faith to scatter the glad tidings of salvation, every cup of cold water given to a disciple, every tear of pious sympathy for the suffering, every gift of his kindly charity to the needy would have been treasure laid up in heaven.

How much more blessed to go to than to leave a large property. The man who is poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, closes his eyes on this life and goes to take possession of his inheritance. He owned not a foot of land on earth, but for him,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling foam
Stand dress'd in living green."

His food here was plain and scanty, but there he will eat freely from the tree of life. His garments here were poor and plain, but there he shall be clothed in robes of white. He associates here with those who are despised of men, but there his companions will be an innumerable company of angels, and "the Church of the first-born which are written in heaven."